

# The Times-Dispatch

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WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 4, 1914.

THE TIMES-DISPATCH and Breakfast are served together with unfailing regularity in the best homes of Richmond. Is your morning program complete?

## A Triumph of Right Thinking.

RICHMOND and Henrico County have given emphatic endorsement to the principle of compulsory education. The majorities by which in both city and county the law was approved are gratifying evidence of a sound intelligence and enlightened public spirit. American youth demands its opportunity—an opportunity no brutal, or ignorant, or careless parent should be in a position to withhold. Compulsory education is not an untried theory, but in many cities of this country a proved and confessed benevolence. It will have a like history here.

## Germany and the Belgians

IT IS a curious fact, to which the New York World calls attention, that on the same day when the Rockefeller Foundation announces its purpose to send a shipload of supplies to the relief of the starving Belgians that Germany fixes its price for sparing Brussels from destruction at \$9,000,000.

Perhaps that \$9,000,000 would not go very far in saving from death the hundreds of thousands of people rendered destitute by the advance of the invader, but it would provide food for some days—perhaps for a few weeks. Germany insists, however, that it must be yielded up by a nation already ground beneath war's iron heel; if the ransom he not paid, Brussels will be destroyed.

Both the dictates of humanity and the express provisions of The Hague convention make a conquering nation responsible for the safety and the feeding of the civilian population of a territory its troops control. Germany, however, seems to make rules of its own—to proceed with a definite and unrelenting purpose to make war horrible, so that the weak and impotent, the women and children, must pay the last quivering pound of flesh.

"War is hell," said General Sherman. In this struggle Germany is proving he was right.

## Plank and Bender and Coombs

TO THE not inconsiderable portion of our population who take more interest in baseball, whatever the season, than in any subject on earth except themselves, the news that Pitchers Plank, Bender and Coombs will never again "throw the pill" for the Philadelphia Athletics is of infinitely more importance than would be tidings of a great victory or defeat to either of the teams now playing the grimmest game of all in Europe.

For these three had become almost demigods in the eyes of the fanatics until a few weeks ago they "cracked" and acquired "glass arms" under the assault of the Bostonians whom Mr. Stallings had gathered from pretty much everywhere—except Boston. The lean Mr. Cornelius Macgillivuddy, better known to many victories and one crushing defeat as Connie Mack, the manager of the quondam invincible Athletics, has decided that the usefulness of these three pitchers is at an end. Therefore, he has asked for waivers on a trio that never wavered in their service to their club, at least not until October, 1914.

The passing of three such figures as these into total or partial oblivion might be used by a preacher as a text for a homily on the transitoriness of the things of the flesh and the permanency of the things of the spirit. But he would waste his breath if he expected to convert one real "fan" from that pathetic form of hero-worship which absorbs most of his altruism, and probably not a little of his patriotism.

## Wall Street Corrects History

PRECEDING by a reception and luncheon, a movement has been started in New York City to correct the mistake, by virtue—or vice—of which Boston is set down in the history books as the cradle of American liberty. It is significant that the sponsors of this movement enjoy no less or lengthy a designation than "Lower Wall Street Business Men's Association," a designation which reveals to the uninitiated that "The Street" has at least two parts—a lower and upper—possibly a mouth and a pocket.

With commendable appropriateness, the Wall Street historians claim that the "battle of Golden Hill," a military operation practically ignored by other historians and unsung by major and minor poets, was, in fact, the harbinger of the Revolution, and that the Boston Massacre, which took place a month after the Golden Hill campaign, is a base usurper of the credit appertaining to the hill of gold around which Wall Street's historians are now assembled.

It may be taken for granted that the battle will be long and furious. Boston's ammunition of beans and codfish balls will be recklessly expended to rout the Golden Hillers. The ancient accusation that in the old days New York was the home of "Tories and Treason" will doubtless be used with as much effect as the more recent assertion that Wall Street is the habitat of "Dollars and Devils." When the New Yorkers advance a sacrilegious hand on Boston's tea party, then will the

embattled hosts of the threescore and ten Massachusetts historical societies advance to the attack, armed with Back Bay pride and deadly multitylables.

The archeologists of lower Wall Street have appointed a committee of nine whose duty it shall be to undo the wrong the historians have perpetrated upon New York's pre-Revolutionary career. We are told that it will take hard and united effort to overcome the prejudice. Faith, and it will.

## Will Turkey Back Out?

WHETHER Turkey will be able to get herself out of the trouble into which her militant and pro-German factions have involved her appears doubtful. Apparently there are conflicting views in the Turkish Cabinet, conflicting ambitions and jealousies perhaps, so that the decision of the whole question, so pregnant with possibility, may turn on some triviality of intrigue or influence at the Ottoman court.

Just now the demands of the allies, made through Great Britain, are so sweeping and so imperative it appears unlikely that Turkey will accede to them. To do so would involve, not only a complete change of policy, but the acceptance of humiliating terms. The most conspicuous and important demand is that the German officers and men in the Turkish army and navy be dismissed immediately, and that the two German cruisers Turkey has taken into her service be disarmed and interned until the end of the war.

If Turkey finds it possible to stomach these terms, she will prove quite conclusively that the bombardment of Russian ports was not inspired by ultimate authority.

Should the situation change and Turkey's amende be accepted, Germany and Austria undoubtedly will be gravely disappointed. Dispatches from Petrograd indicate that Russia will be disappointed as well, but these may be taken with a grain of salt. The defeat of the German and Austrian armies does not appear to be a task of small difficulty, and the outsider can see no reason for allied gratification that it should be further complicated by Turkey's entry into the lists.

## Street Car Fare Should Not Be Increased

FURTHER consideration of the Virginia Railway and Power Company's appeal for a blanket thirty-year franchise, covering all of its lines within the city of Richmond, makes it even the more obvious that the most rigid investigation Council can make, and the most unselfish and intelligent assistance press and public can render, should be devoted to the problem's solution.

It ought not to be overlooked that the company asks Council to fix higher rates of fares than are now charged. Its theory is that, as the average length of haul has increased since the franchises regulating fares were granted and the cost of street railway transportation also has advanced, there should be a corresponding increase in fares.

While no details of the proposed advances are revealed, it may be taken for granted that the company will ask the abrogation of all or part of the following advantages that Richmond now enjoys: six tickets for a quarter, labor and school tickets at 2½ cents each, universal transfers. It may also be taken for granted that the withdrawal of any of these privileges will be resisted strenuously by the people of Richmond.

And properly resisted. As a matter of fact, the average haul of passengers in Richmond is considerably less than in dozens of American cities. The labor and school rates do not represent aspects of the company's benevolence, but returns for franchise grants, and the company's last annual report, just made public, does not indicate that it is in financial straits. Quite the reverse.

## Making Corporate Guilt Personal

INDICTMENT of twenty-one directors and former directors of the New Haven Railroad for violations of the Sherman antitrust law is evidence of this administration's conviction that corporate guilt necessarily is personal guilt, and of the administration's purpose that lawbreaking of this character shall be followed by punishment.

Of course, the charges made have not been proved. It will be for a court and jury to pass finally on the question of the defendants' guilt or innocence. The point is that these men, conspicuous figures many of them in the financial history of the country for the last twenty years, and to whom control of a great railroad property was intrusted, have been called to answer, and that they must render an account of their stewardship, not only to the stockholders of the New Haven, but at the bar of justice.

The Sherman law is a criminal statute, although under the interpretation placed on it by Roosevelt and his Attorney-General this phase never was given expression. When competition is destroyed, corporate funds wasted, a great property wrecked, accounts juggled and press and legislatures debauched under corporate direction, there must somewhere be individual responsibility for this corruption.

The directors of the New Haven are indicted for conspiracy to monopolize the common carriage of freight and passengers in New England. Under the law that is a crime. If the men accused are guilty of its commission, their wealth and standing should not prevent their punishment.

## Reports from Berlin Indicate that the German retreat from Warsaw was a tactical victory for the Germans, who only wanted to stretch their legs, anyhow.

As he does not approve of the way voters have been aiming their ballots, T. R. wants them to practice with bullets.

Now that Turkish generals' names will crop up in the news, look out for an ultimatum from the proofreaders.

"Not yet rounded into form" is as good an explanation for a football defeat as "strategic retreat" is for a military one.

To celebrate the 300th anniversary of its foundation, New York did everything but promise to reform.

As an example of getting nowhere with tremendous effort, the European war is entitled to the panache.

Alleged nobleman was so anxious to leave New York that he ate a cyanide of potassium sandwich.

Perhaps "The Motorized War" would be as descriptive a name for it as any other.

The old wheeze about a slice of Turkey for Thanksgiving Day will again be served.

## SONGS AND SAWS

**It's All Over.**  
Well, anyhow, election's o'er,  
The votes have all been cast.  
The noise, the ceaseless, foolish roar  
Are things now of the past.  
We shall be free of wild debates  
That have our ears-drums shattered,  
And eke of wall-eyed candidates  
Who endlessly have chattered.

We can believe or we can not  
The stories we are told,  
And need not laugh when our man  
Cracks jokes increased in cold.  
Thank Heaven! the election's o'er—  
The noise, the stupid folly,  
Before some synecopated bore  
Turned us to melancholy.

**Why They Parted.**  
He—Smile, please.  
She—I am smiling.  
He—Is that what you call  
it? I thought the sun had  
got into your eyes.

**The Feminist Says:**  
It was a beautiful day, an election, but  
some of my friends thought it an even more  
beautiful day to go fishing.

**Now and Then.**  
The Tattler received this morning the following  
pathetic and prophetic communication from  
an esteemed contributor:

Sir,—In your issue of this date, under  
"Songs and Saws," we find the following:  
"Oh, let the markets open!"  
The hungry broker prays.  
"I have not shorn a little lamb  
For lo! these many days."

About this time in 1916, we fear the  
song will flow like this:  
"Oh, let the barrooms open!"  
The thirsty drinker prays.  
"I have not drunk a little drink  
For lo! these many days."  
N. Y. Z.

The communication does not reveal in terms  
the exact attitude of its author on the topic he  
discusses. Whether the tearful appeal he puts  
into the mouth of the subject of his story has  
an ironical significance or expresses a real  
yearning it is hard to tell—whether there is  
gloating or lamentation there, is difficult  
to discover. Let the reader say.

**Plans for the Turk.**  
Stubbs—What do you hear about Turkey?  
Grubbs—Only that this year it will be served  
hot, with Tartar sauce.

**No Information.**  
The man in the moon came down too soon.  
To learn why the wide world was fighting.  
He asked five score and two, but not a one knew  
Just what wrongs the wide world was righting.  
THE TATTLER.

## Chats With Virginia Editors

Since the fact that the editor of the Newport News Press is a red-headed man became a subject of comment among Virginia editors, he of the Press appears to have been searching the records for evidence and exhibits to prove that a sunlit dome of thought is as good as another. He quotes: "The employing head of a large business concern in Chicago applied to the manager of an employment bureau for a stenographer with blue eyes and red hair of a pronounced color, 'because,' said he, 'a red-headed stenographer is always a good one. They are accurate.' We apologize for having precipitated the discussion. The red head, on the other hand, needs no apology. The red head is the beacon of genius. In every line of human endeavor men and women with hair like drug-store twine have excelled. They continue to excel. Sarah Bernhardt and Helen of Troy, Ada Rehan and Diana are examples. Nat Goodwin is an awful example. Victor Murdock, of Kansas, landed in Congress on his red head, likewise our own Andrew Jackson Montague, 'Brick' Pomroy, one of the most famous of American humorists, had the hue of Editor Copeland's. Sunset Cox's plumage flamed like a house afire. Eugene Field wrote Jack Haverly, the minstrel star, famous in the lines:  
"Your copious, close-cropped tresses of a warm, aggressive hue  
Seem to advertise the circumstance that there are no flies on you."

It was Arabella's red head of which Alexander Pope wrote in "The Rape of the Lock."  
"Fair tresses mark the imperiousness, ensure."  
Editor Copeland's defense of the red head is superfluous, irrelevant, irrelevant, not germane. It is contrary to the laws and statutes in such cases made and provided. He might as well essay a defense of the aurora borealis.

The deluded Press further exhibits its lamentable lack of appreciation by covertly seeking to divert the attention of its contemporaries from red heads to bald heads, saying: "The bald-headed editor of the Northern News, protests against the 'germ theory' as a bar to courtship kissing. The very poetry of osculation," says he, "is in the period of courtship, and he who would forbid it is one fit for treason, stratagem and spoils."

The Norfolk Virginian-Pilot says: "We shall believe in Russia's professed reform movement when it shall have shown some results in the matter of spelling." The contempt of national laws breaking some and legions others of the artificial restrictions which cramped and hampered our international trade, has begun to exhibit its natural result, in a rapid and glomgloping expansion of sea-borne commerce. New York's exports are making new high records daily. September's foreign purchases of American foodstuffs doubled those of September, 1913. American cotton, guaranteed against seizure as contraband of war, begins moving in larger volume into all the belligerent countries, which are its chief consumers. Markets hitherto supplied by Europe are now buying here. Even the despondent railroad chieftains have been obliged to quit winking away the tears and get busy hauling outbound commodities down to the seaports. As exports rally, imports will respond, although in lesser degree. Our trade balance is taking care of itself, despite the shortage in cotton shipments. The phenomenal phenomenon, wholly unexpected by even the most conservative banks, releasing \$500,000,000 more funds for commercial uses, will open their doors November 16. New York bankers report money at 10 per cent and a lively prospect that it will become much cheaper before January

## Current Editorial Comment

**Country on Upgrade.**  
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1, 1915. This is all very unfortunate for standard Republican politicians trying to "come back" on the cry of calamity. They have our pity if not our sympathy. But the country can stand it. The U. S. A. is on the upgrade once more, and coming fast.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

The fact that not a single per-  
**Big Fortunes** son in Great Britain confessed to an income of \$1,000,000, while in the United States forty-four made returns showing that income or greater, is held to be a remarkable contrast. On a 5 per cent basis \$20,000,000 is required to yield the million income, and the indication of the returns that there are no such fortunes in Great Britain causes no slight surprise. This, of course, is modified by the fact that most of the wealth of the British aristocracy is in land, and under the English laws rents are not taxable as income. This lets the landlords and other British landowners out of the computation, though the number of that class whose rentals exceeds a million per year is undoubtedly quite small. But there is still a large class whose reputations for wealth are larger wealth. Is it true that the Rothschild fortune is so much less than it was famed to be? Are the incomes of the diamond kings of Kimberly and oil kings of Mexico all confined within the limits of a million? The inquiry whether that class is poorer than our multimillionaires or less honest, there is no positive answer. But our suspicions are strongly that the plutocratic John Bull dodges his taxes a little more artfully than his American cousin.—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

**What Literature Suffers**  
"All signs fall" in such international storms as the world is enduring to-day. The basis of the traditions of years slips away from under our feet; we are called upon to remake them in literature and art that which we have applauded; and it staggers our conceit, as well it may. Rudyard Kipling's Adam-zad is no longer a domon of human cruelty and deceit and mutilation. He is something else; although his author very wisely excuses himself, on the plea of urgent business, from explanation of the metamorphosis. In art as well as in poetry, this sudden revolution is apparent. Here is Saint-Saens, the amiable parent of modern French opera—the originator, it may be said, of the school of lyric drama which has held the stage for more years than most of us care to count—whose stamps and shouts upon the tomb of Richard Wagner. Some day—let us pray that it may come soon—there will be an escape from this obsession, when the will be undoubtedly quite small. But there is still resume their authority in the world of intellect and of advancement.—Boston Post.

## Queries and Answers

**Great Britain.**  
Please inform me how many counties there are in England, Scotland, Wales and Ireland. Are Lelmer and Ulster and Munster and Connaught Irish counties?  
In the order of the query, 41, 22, 12, 32. They are divisions of the kingdom.

**Poems Wanted.**  
Will you publish or get me copies of the following poems: "Colossus" by Josephine Miller, "I am Dying, Egypt, Dying," and the poem beginning thus:  
In Paris, it was at the opera there,  
And she looked like a queen that night with a rose in her hair.

**MISS A. L. C.**  
We hope some reader can supply the verses wanted. The last opens so auspiciously that we should be pleased to make its acquaintance.

**Richmond—Hampton-Sidney.**  
Bets on the recent football game between Richmond and Hampton-Sidney should go to which side?  
The supporter of Hampton-Sidney. It may be worth while to say that, in law, there is no decide wages cases and courts of honor are hard to arrange, the winner is likely to be ohary in taking money in cases like the one you mention.

**Sociable Scenery.**  
The new summer boarder gazed over the picturesque New Hampshire landscape, then slowly fading out of sight, and noted the absence of houses. "It's beautiful! Grand!" said he to the boss farmer who was standing close by. "But aren't you lonesome—so far from the village and no neighbors?" "Lonesome?" echoed the farmer in genuine astonishment. "Why, on clear day we can see Mount Washington."—Everybody's Magazine.

**Remembered.**  
A reminiscent gossip gazed over Mark Twain that once, when he was being shaved by a very talkative barber, he was forced to listen to many of his anecdotes.  
The barber had to stop his razor, and when he was ready, brush in hand, to commence again.  
"Shall I go over it again?"  
"No, thanks," drawled Mark. "It's hardly necessary. I think I can remember every word."  
—Tit-Bits.

**He Didn't Go.**  
"I didn't see you at church yesterday."  
"No, my wife considers it unfashionable to be seen at church during the summer months. We're supposed to be out of the city then, you know."  
—Kansas City Journal.

**Rockefellers of Song.**  
She—'I'd give the world to be a great opera singer."  
He—Of course. You'd get it right back again.  
—Boston Transcript.

**Little Aggravations.**  
The girl at the central, after you have waited full ten minutes:  
"They don't answer. What number was it you wanted?"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

**Financial Backer.**  
"You say your wife never loses at bridge?"  
"Never. If the game goes against her, she wins. But if it goes against her I lose."—Washington Star.

**They Told Not.**  
"I've noticed one thing about suffragettes."  
"And what is that?"  
"There is many a one making sweeping gestures who never uses a broom."—Baltimore Sun.

**The Poor Little Guy.**  
While the legions are locked on the dead line,  
While the Dreadnoughts are glooming the seas,  
Give a tang to an evening of ease,  
Let us kneel in the dust of all faction,  
Let us pray to the Peace from on high  
For a small, unobscured fraction—  
The poor little guy!

In the fangs of the tangling wire  
He slips in the slime of the dead;  
He blinks at the fume of the fire  
And the scream of the beam of the lead;  
And yet—he knew ought of the beam of the lead;  
And might he—he profit thereby;  
But his is the dying—and rotting—  
The poor little guy!

Let us pray for his kine in the stable,  
For his ox and his ass and his swine;  
For his chair and his plate on the table;  
For his cornfield and orchard and vine;  
For the till where the women are plying;  
For the bed where he never shall lie;  
For the ache that is worse than the dying—  
The poor little guy!

A pitiful pawn of Vienna,  
Of Kaiser of King of Czar.  
He is pushed to the lot of Germania,  
To the slide of the Great Abattoir.  
He goes as the walling denial,  
As the infinite, travelling cry  
Of the bee to be born from his trial—  
The poor little guy!

The Peace of the pure communion  
Foretold in the ages before,  
When nation shall strive not with nation,  
Nor shall they the world war any more.  
But, Jesus! the carnion fact!  
That glare at the pestilent sky  
And the trench at the foot of the glaci—  
The poor little guy!

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## "ME AND ALLAH!"

One of the Day's Best Cartoons.



From the St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

## Chinese and Japanese in United States

WASHINGTON, November 3.—The total number of Chinese in the United States proper, according to the census of 1910, was 71,521, while the total number of Japanese was 72,167. These figures for 1910 are comparable with 58,888 Chinese and 24,326 Japanese who were in the United States proper in 1900, showing that the number of Chinese in this country in 1910 was 18,332 less than in 1900, while the number of Japanese increased 47,881 from 1900 to 1910. These figures do not include the Chinese and Japanese under the American flag living in the outlying possessions of the United States.

This information is contained in a bulletin on Chinese and Japanese in the United States, soon to be published by the Bureau of the Census. The Chinese and Japanese in the United States are mostly adults. Thus, while 35.5 per cent of the native white people in this country are under fifteen years of age, only 5.3 per cent of the Chinese are below that age, and only 3.5 per cent of the Japanese. Two-thirds, or 65.3 per cent of the Chinese enumerated by the census were between twenty-five and forty-five years of age; and only 4.6 per cent of them were over forty-five. Of the Chinese, on the other hand, 44.7 per cent were over forty-five. The explanation of this difference is found in the fact that the Japanese represent a more recent immigration than the Chinese. Of the Chinese enumerated in 1910, 70 per cent came to the United States prior to 1880, as compared with 40 per cent of the Japanese. Four-fifths of the Japanese had immigrated within the ten preceding years, or between 1900 and 1910. In the next four years, or in the interval between the 1910 census and July 1, 1911, 10,995 Japanese arrived in the United States, and 35,415 departed, making a net immigration of 5,584; in the same interval 23,071 Chinese arrived and 26,137 departed, making a net emigration of 3,425.

Of the 71,521 Chinese in the United States in 1910, 66,556 were male and only 4,675 female; in other words, there were about forty-five times as many males as females. Among the 72,167 Japanese, the number of males was 33,076, and of females, 9,687, or about one-third as many males as females. Regarding marital condition, the census reports that 53 per cent of the Chinese men were single and 70 per cent of the Japanese. For the females each race the percentage single was very much smaller, only 52 per cent of the Chinese women being unmarried and only 14 per cent of the Japanese women.

Of the Chinese over ten years of age, 15.3 per cent were illiterate; of the Japanese, 9.2 per cent. This indicates for each race a decline in illiteracy since 1900, when the percentage of illiterate was 20 per cent of the Chinese and 18.2 for the Japanese. "Illiterate" as the term is used in the census, means unable to write in any language. Probably many of the Chinese and Japanese who know how to read and write in their own language are ignorant of English. In fact, according to the census, 41.2 per cent of the Chinese were unable to speak English and 36.3 per cent of the Japanese.

The bulletin presents figures for the occupations of the Chinese and Japanese combined, the data for each separately not having been compiled. Of the 136,525 Chinese and Japanese ten years of age and over in the United States proper in 1910, there were 120,460 males and 15,565 females engaged in gainful occupations. Of the number of males, 18,610 were servants, 14,857 were farm and dairy farm laborers, 12,220 were in factory occupations, 9,445 in garden, greenhouse, nursery, etc., laborers, 7,910 laborers on steam railroads, 6,626 retail dealers in trade, 6,391 laundry owners, officials and managers, 5,045 laborers in building and hand trades, 3,187 laborers in fish catching and packing, 2,877 gardeners, florists, fruit growers and nurserymen, 2,598 salesmen, 2,445 waiters, 1,950 restaurant, cafe and luncheon-keepers, 1,785 farmers, 1,724 laborers in saw and planing mills, 1,320 porters, 1,032 fishermen and oystermen, the remainder being employed in various pursuits, such as barbers, cleaners, gold, silver and coal mine operatives, etc. The three groups of occupations that give employment to the majority of the Chinese and Japanese are farming, domestic service and laundry work, the Japanese being more numerous in agricultural pursuits and the Chinese in domestic service and laundries.

More than one-half of both Chinese and Japanese were reported from California. The